free women's words

August, 1988 — A Free Bi-monthly Women's Newsjournal from the Ann Arbor Women's Crisis Center — Vol. 2 No. 2

A Joint Issue with Seneca Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice

5 Years Of Active Resistance: Seneca Women's Peace Camp

by Elizabeth Clare

Dinner-time at the Seneca Women's Peace Camp. There are 11 wimmin on land tonight. Most of them I've only known for a couple of weeks. It's rare to see all of us in one room at one time. After dinner, we have a house meeting and talk about: organizing a big action for July 3rd to celebrate our fifth year of resistance here, applying for a health permit, building community, working collectively, and whether we should have a goat on the land. Meetings like this one have been happening here for five years.

July 4, 1983 the Camp opened with the primary goal of stopping the deployment of Cruise and Pershing II missiles. In addition to that goal, there were others that formed a solid backdrop: creating a feminist nonviolent community, connecting militarism to other forms of oppression, strengthening the women's peace movement. The idea for the Camp had originated a year earlier, inspired by Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp and the Women's Pentagon Action and ideas emerging from the Conference on Global Feminism and Disarmament. Over the course of the next year, a group of national and upstate New York organizers raised money and brought together what was envisioned to be a two month peace camp, from July 4 to Labor Day weekend. The summer was quite a success; 10,000-12,000 wimmin from all over the world passed through the Camp, blockading, vigiling, climbing and cutting the fence at the Seneca Army Depot, the U.S. Army's largest storage site for nuclear weapons. They also attended workshops, dialogued with the local people and came away feeling empowered and strong.

Labor Day rolled around, and wimmin knew that our work here wasn't done: the missiles were still to be deployed in Europe and the Depot was still very much here. In the course of organizing the Camp and deciding that it needed to be legal space for all wimmin, the organizers had bought 51 acres of land with a farm house bordering on the Depot. So the stage was set for a permanent peace camp.

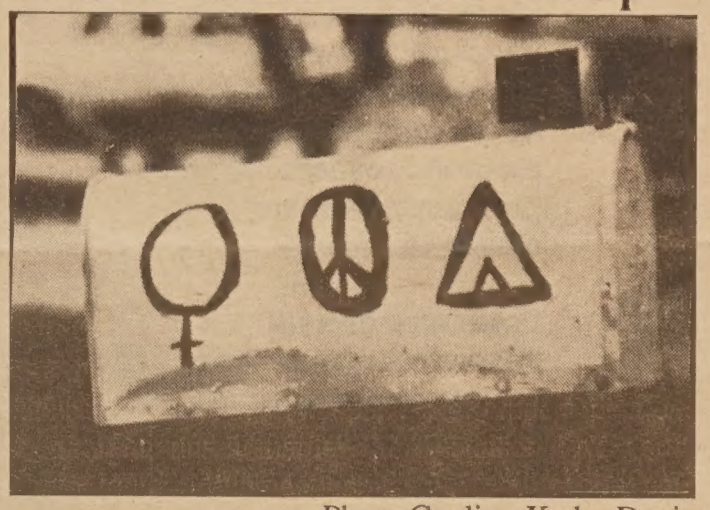


Photo Credit: Kathy Davis

The decision to move from a two month to a long-term peace camp took months, and has meant many things. It's meant creating a sense of physical permanency here: building outhouses, digging a well, planting an apple orchard and a garden every summer, and burying the ashes of a Peace Camp womon on land. It is as if to say that on an individual basis we are very transient with wimmin coming and going, but as a collective place and vision, we are very durable.

It has also meant working on process. How does a transient, non-hierarchical community open to all wimmin work? How does consensus really work when wimmin seem so firmly divided on issues? How do we deal with wimmin who refuse to respect the Camp's few

(continued on p. 2)

A² Women Resist

by Andrea Walsh

It's fun for me, in 1988, to think of my first involvement in the Ann Arbor Women's Peace Encampment that was on Hill Street in the fall of 1983. Since seeing the women there together, taking some of the literature from the table, I've been one of many women working together for peace.

In the summer of 1983, women from around the States and the world joined in protesting nuclear weapons deployment from the Seneca Army Depot in Romulus, New York. Women from Ann Arbor were there, marching together, protesting nuclear weaponry and celebrating the spirit and power of women.

Women returned to Ann Arbor and organized the Ann Arbor Women's Peace Encampment in October. Tents were pitched in front of the Friends Meeting House and some women also slept inside. The building was used for cooking and showing films as well. Women stayed there, alone, with children, all together, living and eating, talking with passersby, and focusing time and energy on being together as women and protesting nuclear madness. After dinner, women would plan actions for the next day. These included leafletting people going to work at KMS Fusion and Williams International, Inc., local weapons manufacturers. One day women made a web at the Federal Building downtown. Each morning people would share breakfast, then they went to work, some at their jobs, some doing the actions, others cooking and maintaining the camp. Towards the end of the encampment, there was a silent action - a nighttime candle walk. Women walked together in silent vigil, carrying candles, and stopped at places in town that contribute to

(continued on p. 7)

© 1983 C. ETANA FINKLER

How this issue came to be...

This issue of **free women's words** is a joint issue with Seneca Women's Peace Encampment. The idea for the issue came out of conversations between a woman who works at the Crisis Center and a Peace camp woman who was visiting Ann Arbor and helping out with the last issue of **free women's words**. Women from both the Seneca Peace Camp and Ann Arbor wrote for the issue, and it is being sent to both of our mailing lists. Our lists have not been exchanged: this is the only joint mailing you will recieve.) The joint issue has two goals--to update Seneca women who've been missing "Jane Doe", the old Camp newspaper, and to inform and educate everyone about women's peace work, centering on peace camps. Please see the back page for ways to get involved with this work!•

WOMEN'S CRISIS LINE NUMBERS

Women's Crisis Center 994-9100
Peer counseling and referrals for all women.

Assault Crisis Center 994-1616
Counseling, support and advocacy for survivors of rape and incest. **(24hrs)**

SAFE House/Domestic Violence Project 995-5444 (24hrs)
Shelter and advocacy for battered women.

UM SAPAC 763-5865
University of Michigan Sexual Assault Prevention and Awareness Center.

Ozone House 662-2222
Counseling for teenagers in crisis.

WCC
P.O. BOX 7413
ANN ARBOR, MI 48105

BULK RATE POSTAGE PAID
#644 ANN ARBOR

Seneca Peace Camp

(continued from p. 1) few policies? Each of these questions has made Peace Camp wimmin look at process, sometimes struggling for long hours in meetings. As surely as spray painting the "Mission First, People Always" sign on the Depot's water tower is peace work, so is this struggling. It has meant watching local people become less hostile, even supportive, towards us. It has meant dealing with money problems, watching the Depot build security towers in response to our protests and then tear them down. Through all the changes, conflicts, dwindling numbers, we have maintained a constant peace presence, sustaining a place and a network called the Women's Peace Camp. We have climbed the Depot fence, woven webs into that fence, spoken in college classrooms, and provided wimmin a safe place to shed the patriarchy.

That first summer, hope and energy was so high, and the goal, to stop the Cruise and Pershing II, so specific. Now the Camp is much smaller; we count wimmin by the tens, not the thousands. Our focus is more nebulous. Cruise and Pershing II missiles have been deployed and now possibly stopped (at least partially) by the INF treaty. The Depot still remains. As stopping the deployment became impossible, our feminist politics became much more explicit. We talk about the connections between militarism, patriarchy, racism, homophobia, and capitalism, tying together violence against wimmin and violence against the earth. We try to place those connections in all our political work.

Wimmin come here for many different reasons: to do peace work, to live on wimmin's land, to heal, to begin to create a feminist nonviolent community/world, to live with radical wimmin and lesbians, to find a safe space. Many of these reasons blur together, leaving the Camp with a very broad definition of peace work. For five years, the Camp has been a changing vision and experiment in how wimmin can create and resist.•

GROUND ZERO

Women, you who walked
to ground zero arriving
with the full moon,
you tell me: only women
can understand the rape
we saw out there, desert
pockmarked with craters,
jucca plants twisted and
charred.

Understanding not just
the penetration but the years
he leaves behind, anger and
silence and always the hole
he pushed through you.

The earth, the years left behind
as each bomb rips
through her: long cracks growing
in the desert floor.

Until ground zero pulled you
to walk those fifty miles
like memories: the night
he crawled into your bed or
left you naked under a bridge
or threatened to kill you
if you ever told.

You who danced there
under the full moon,
is your grief, anger, fear
different now?

Elizabeth Clare

Encampment to End Sexual Violence

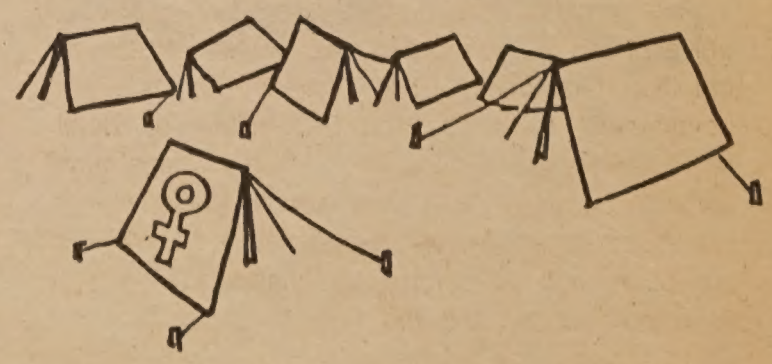
by Susan Hills

On Saturday April 23, as the sun was rising,women from the Grassroots Group of Second Class Citizens and Women Rising in Resistance pitched tents on the campus of the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana. By early morning we had established a small tent community with a twenty foot banner proclaiming: Women's Encampment to End Sexual Violence. Throughout the weekend over 100 women gathered at this women-only safe space as a vigil to demand safety in women's lives.

The encampment was largely inspired by the Women's Peace Camps at Seneca Falls and Greenham Common. We established this visible presence as a sign of women's commitment to end sexual violence. From this space, we provided education, and held support groups, healing workshops and rituals. We sang around a "campfire," played "new games," had breaking silence speakouts and held a "Reclaiming our Sexuality Discussion." Several thousand flyers were distributed to Mom's Day weekend visitors and a list of demands was drafted and delivered to the Chancellor of the U of I.

Ultimately, we gained the cooperation of the campus police and administration, but originally we gathered without a permit. An affinity group was formed of women who were willing to risk arrest at the consequence of an illegal encampment. By our presence and actions we demanded our right to feel safe in the world by claiming a safe space for the healing and empowering of survivors. Through our two day vigil we named our oppressors--men who rape and the rapist culture they've created and sustained. We held accountable those responsible for ending sexual violence--the legal system and the rapists it protects.

We accomplished many of the goals we had set for outreach and education. The most rewarding aspect of the Encampment, however, was the sense of unity, support and empowerment. These words, which often become cliche, rang clear and true for me that weekend. As a survivor of sexual violence, the weekend was more than an act of civil disobedience for me. It was a milestone in my healing as I reached out to other survivors and accepted their loving support in return. Several women expressed similar feelings. I was reminded again that while our actions may not directly change the world, they often change and strengthen us and so the world is ultimately transformed. This is the simple beauty of what we do--our every act of resistance, our very presence is transforming.•



Zapping Threatens Women at Camps

Warning: This brief report sounds like science fiction or paranoid ramblings. It is neither.

"If energy we can't see, feel, smell, or taste can wreak havoc with our immune systems and even upset brain chemistry, it would seem to be the ideal weapon." --Dr. Robert O. Becker (1985)

The relentless search by the death-focused patriarchy for ways to exploit, control and kill has led to a new generation of weaponry, perhaps more horrific than nuclear weapons. These new weapons use non-ionizing radiation (such as microwaves), and are called electromagnetic radiation (EMR) weapons. We have substantial evidence that Greenham Common and Seneca Peace Camps are targets for EMR weapons--called zapping.

Our concern for the safety of the wimmin at the Peace camps has led to investigations which are uncovering a dangerous, widespread, and insidious technology. EMR weapons research, testing, and use is done under unprecedented secrecy, for obvious reasons. These are weapons which can immobilize, alter brain function, change emotional state and behavior, transmit thoughts, and kill.

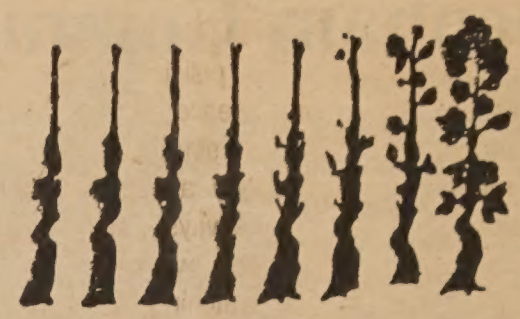
In September 1985, a few years after Greenham was established, women there began experiencing varied symptoms. At first, the symptoms were ignored or minimized, but a clear pattern could soon be observed at both Greenham and Seneca. Since that time, health data has been and continues to be gathered from women at both camps. They report symptoms consistent to those associated with exposure to non-ionizing radiation.

The symptoms of EMR exposure include vertigo, almost paralyzing fatigue, change in menstrual cycle, post-menopausal bleeding, and emotional symptoms such as confusion, paranoia, short term memory loss, anxiety, and unreasonable panic. Long-term health consequences of EMR exposure are stress syndrome and immune system breakdown down, **(continued on p. 8)**

Photo Credit: Catherine Allport

Don't tell me
what
I can and cannot
do
it creates in me
a rebellious
nature
that must be quenched.
I have learned to
thrive
on the notion of my
inability
to do this thing or
that
so
please don't tell me
what
I can and cannot
do
for what I will
do
may surprise both me
and
you.

Sibyl Rae Collins
March, 1988



From Inside the Depot...

Bird works in the military at the Seneca Army Depot. She has visited the Seneca Women's Peace Camp twice. Following is a letter she wrote to the Camp:

Dear Peace Camp Women,

I walk the twilight zone beyond the city lights in search of peace of mind. I found it there. I stole into the night, hiding away from everything that threatens my existence. I showed too much resistance here. Now every problem has got its eye on me. They are trying to force me down where I don't want to go. Where it is all worse. When I stopped and talked, you entered and touched my heart. This place you have is a sanctuary where it took me away a million miles and years from where I am now beyond the skyways through the looking glass. I found a star that glows all night. When I cannot run to you, I look there and dream that I am with you and escape from the panic in me. I wish I could join you and escape from the panic in me. I wish I could join you when you're knocking at the gate. But with all the eyes here, I lose more than everything. You are the survivors, the eternal spirits running free, and I am like the white deer* caught in another world behind the fence. I feel like a triangle with a bunch of squares. I just don't fit in at all. Take care, beautiful women and remember that you have a sister here behind the fence.

With Love,
Bird

**Inside the depot, there are white deer, which wimmin from the Camp speculate are the result of genetic mutations caused by the radiation in the Depot--Elizabeth Clare.*•

Why *Women's* Peace Camps?

Based on material from the Seneca Resource Handbook.

Men have left their wives and marched off to their wars, how can our fight for humankind be any less a cause? -Judy Small

For the last 10,000 or so years, women have generally served society as peacmakers. Women have cleaned up after manmade wars. We have tended the wounded, comforted and cared for the widowed. We have been peacemakers within the family, and within the community, often at the expense of our own peace of mind. Women have raised and trained the young, healed the sick, assisted at births and tended the dying. Women have enriched and enhanced the living-out of human lives, in all ages and in all regions of the earth.

In the rightful quest for liberation from the limitations and restrictions imposed on us by the roles assigned us throughout most of history, women turn to our often ignored tradition of peacekeeping. Throughout the world women gather to honor that tradition and say, "No!" to militarism. We gather in kitchens and on back stoops, at protest rallies and dmonstrations. We stand together in fields and factories and universities. Many protests are within or next to munition factories, test sites, bases and government buildings, spawning sites of death and destruction. Some of these gatherings have come to be known as peace camps, where women can come together and experience the power of our connection as a force for change. The power is in our hands, and the tide is turning, for the future, if there is one, is female.•

Ritual and Resistance

by Elizabeth Clare

At the Seneca Women's Peace Camp we talk of ritual and resistance. We talk about how climbing the Depot fence is a ritual, how much of what we do here is ritual: weaving the fence, walking the fence, cutting the fence, vigiling, chanting, going inside the Depot to leave our presence. It is all a ritual made of resistance, a ritual which may make a security guard begin to rethink what he is actually guarding or delay a plane loaded with missile from taking off or confuse and frustrate the military. I see the ritual most strongly after wimmin have climbed the fence. The roles we play and the roles the guards play are so will defined, and there are so few surprises in the routine. Even the plastic handcuffs are more symbolic than real, except when they're put on too tightly and cause nerve damage. Even an action as direct as Katya Komisaruk smashing a NAVSTAR computer (see p. 6) is a ritual--the military simply builds another one.

And sometimes ritual becomes the actual civil disobedience as well as the process of C.D. I am remembering the Nevada Test Site. It is the day before the Spring Equinox; the U.S. has just sent 3,000 troops to Honduras. We walk into the Test Site over a range of hills and out onto a wide, flat desert plain. We circle and chant, weave yarn among the rocks, leave crystals and menstrual blood. At dusk we begin to walk again, farther into the Test Site. We walk and sing until we are no longer trespassing, but walking here on this piece of desert to reclaim and celebrate. When the security guards come to arrest us, bouncing across the desert in dune buggies painted desert camouflage, we circle again, chanting. One by one they handcuff us until we are all lying face down in the desert with our hands behind our backs. Dust gets into my mouth, my neck aches, it's growing cold, and we're still singing. This is another ritual, a ritual which may help to change the world and certainly changes me.•

Greenham Common, England

by Adrianne Neff

Greenham Common is a United States Air Force base built on public land in Newbury, Berkshire, England. It is leased by the U.S. and nearly all the personnel are American, but it is call RAF Greenham Common, presumably to minimize attention to the American occupation. American Cruise missile silos sit within the base.

The Women's Peace Camp at Greenham Common wasn't planned. It came about as a result of the Women for Life on Earth March that took place in the fall of 1981. The march was originally planned as a 10 day affair--a walk from a munitions manufacturer in Cardiff, Wales to Greenham. It got almost no national press coverage along the way, so when the marchers got to Greenham, some decided to chain themselves to the base fence in order to get their message heard. Supporters built a campfire, set up tents to sleep in, and prepared to stay as long as it took--and Greenham Women's Peace Camp was born.

Originally, there were some men on the march, and men participated in the early days of the encampment. A conscious decision was made for the camp to focus on women--women talked to the press, women's initiative determined the direction of the camp, and the daily routine of the camp was set up so that women could speak and act for themselves. In February of 1982, a formal decision was made: Greenham would be a women-only camp.

The Camp continues to occupy public land around the base at Greenham Common. There are now actually 9 locations, one at each gate of the base. Women living there have survived police violence, all-night harassment, bricks and stones being thrown at them, convictions for "distubing the peace", prison sentences, their cars being illegally impounded, cold rainy winters, shortages of food and supplies. The camps have been "evicted" numerous times--the police actually bulldoze down the women's "benders" (tent-like homes). The women persist--rebuilding again and again.

Actions take place daily at Greenham, on many different levels. Women weave yarn and flowers into the fence, climb the fence in civil disobedience actions, blockade the gates, vigil, monitor the movement of the Cruise missiles, dance, do covert actions inside the base. A woman's culture is evolving at the camp, where all women are valued, and where every woman has a voice. *"Over the months the struggle has changed. The initial purpose of the camp was to protest against Cruise, but its role soon extended to include the preparation of women to bring about such changes. Now the emphasis has moved further towards preparing and politicizing women and it would be more accurate to describe Greenham as a 'women's resistance camp'.* (from *Greenham Common: Women at the Wire.*) The camp population fluctuates... women come for a weekend or a year, but no matter how long or short their stay at the camp is, their lives are changed. Greenham Common has been resisting violence and war for 7 years.•

Invisible in My Own Backyard: Living as a Jew at Seneca

by Sarra

This week a structure went up in the back yard of the womyn's peace camp. It is an art project commemorating the survivors of the Holocaust. It is a pole wrapped in barbed wire. On it hang coloured triangles...

Three years ago I went to Poland with a group of Jewish youth from around the world. Our trip started in Warsaw. We toured what used to be the ghetto. There I tried for two days to pretend that the old houses still existed. I tried to pretend there were walls around me and my friends were dying in the streets. I could see them sometimes, but not often.

From there we went to Auschwitz. You must have heard of Auschwitz?--Yes of course. We were guided through a yard with the Auschwitz restaurant, the Auschwitz ice cream stand, and the gift shop which sold key chains with an "A" dangling from the ring. Through the yard and under the gate marked "Arbeit Macht Frei". Oh-you don't know about that gate. Sorry, I assumed if you knew Auschwitz... It means "work makes free". The Polish guide led us through the front hall of the compound. There were signs there, put up after the war, explaining the rules: children must be accompanied by an adult, quiet must be respected.... Signs in every language--all but Hebrew and Yiddish.

Then, through the museum that the camp has been made into. The guide: "These are the cans of zyclone B used to gas the prisoners; and these are the eyeglasses of the prisoners; and these, and these, and these, of the prisoners, prisoners, prisoners... and these are the suitcases. Before they went into the gas chambers, the prisoners were told to mark their cases so that when the shower was over they could be reclaimed."

"The Jews", my friend said to the guide. "They were Jews. Read the names. Rubinovitch, Levine, Levi, Cohen--not prisoners, Jews. We don't walk into your graveyard and desecrate it. Don't desecrate ours." I started to cry. For that brief moment, I knew where I was.

At the end of the tour we saw a movie about Hitler's atrocities. Only once did it list the victims--the Polish, the Danes, the French, the Jews, the Gypsies, the Russians...

Nobody told me as I grew up that Hitler's Final solution included the whole world. It is well documented that although there were many other peoples killed, "Nazi ideology did not require their total disappearance. In this respect the fate of the Jews was unique" (Michael Marrus, Professor of History, University of Toronto). Had I been there I would have been a political dissident. I would have been a lesbian. But I would have been gassed for being a Jew first. Not only me, my family.

Our last day was spent at Treblinka. Here, there are only stones, like a graveyard. Stones of all shapes, some with names engraved, others with towns, others with nothing. Thousands of stones. And in the middle, a monument. The front of the monument doesn't matter. But on the back was a Jewish star. So we had a ceremony at the back of the monument. This was our trip. Always we had to go around the back to find the Jewish.

Why write all this? In Poland we were invisible. In society here we are invisible. Nobody knows if we are Jewish-- most of us don't look it. I hear anti-Semitic jokes and I am invisible. I hitchhike with a man who tells me the Jews are planning to take over the world--and I am invisible.

I have lived at the Seneca Womyn's Peace camp for six months, and in that time I have learnt that being a Jew here is no different. It isn't simple to explain- there are less concrete details than in Poland. There is living here as womyn sing Christmas carols. Or my Jewish way of overstatement and exaggeration, excitement and hands flying. Ranting excitedly about some issue or another, then realizing with embarrassment that I had been misunderstood. There is asking a visitor what is happening in the news, she answers: "Well, the Israelis are murdering more Palestinians, not much else is happening". There is the womon who calls herself anti-Zionist, or the womon who is told that Pepsi supports the PLO and replies--"Oh, I'll drink Pepsi then!"

How is it that so many wimmin in the community feel that they understand this conflict that so few Arabs and Israeli Jews feel they understand? How can the community believe what the media tells them about Israel, but not about nuclear weapons or Nicaragua, El Salvador, Iran... I am a Zionist. I realize that this is a trigger word. It doesn't mean that I believe the Palestinians have no rights in that land, or that

(continued on p. 6)

A Mobile Women's Peace Camp

by Marjorie Winkelman

In 1986 I participated in the Great Peace March, a nine month walk from L.A. to D.C. for nuclear disarmament. We lived in a mobile peace camp that came to be known as "Peace City." The lasting and important work that I did on the March was within the Women's Collective.

We began to come together as a collective about a week into the walk, in Barstow, California. At that point the organization that had put together the March had declared bankruptcy and many people had left the group to either have their own smaller walks or do other kinds of work. There was an opening for any sort of new structure to pull together a March and a community once the old hierarchy was gone. Into that void a few "leaders," mostly men from the old structure stepped in and convinced people they could "keep the march going." Many of us called for a restructuring and a community based on consensus rather than hierarchy. Soon we had the first women's collective meeting, called by women who wanted to get together and respond to the mostly male hierarchy going into place, and to the sexist attitudes and sexual harassment that they were experiencing in Peace City. Chris volunteered her van, Gertrude Stein (or Big Gertie), and we had a women's center as a meeting place from site to site, a library and a support vehicle. A few days later we had a women's full moon circle on a hill overlooking the encampment.

Of course from day one of the March connections were being formed as lesbians and other strong women found and supported each other. At each camp site there was generally a women's village of tents or women staying together in homes.

Las Vegas was the first large city we reached after L.A. The Peace March had put an ad in the local paper asking for people to house marchers for the night. In a dusty wind blown parking lot, marchers were farmed out all over the area with no records of where people went and no resources for getting in touch with each other or back to the March. When we regrouped two days later we heard that at least three women had been raped in homes in which they were staying and that the military style security force of the Peace March had not wanted this information shared with the rest of the marchers in an effort to "protect us." A large group of women circled to share information, support the survivors, and create an organized and safe plan for "marcher in the home."

We began to have a Women's Collective advance team, usually Annette and Sarah in a blue Honda named Gertrude Stein (or "Little Gertie"). They would drive ahead to towns we would soon reach on foot. Through women's peace groups, rape crisis centers, women's bars or contact dykes from Lesbian Connection they set up potlucks and events and safe places to stay for about forty women in many towns and cities across the country. In Lincoln Nebraska about 100 women were housed in the YWCA complete with meals, hot showers and a womyn's dance. Often in providing housing local women would have their first exposure to the peace movement; and groups that had never worked together before shared resources.

A few times on the March, women who had been sexually abused by other marchers approached the Collective for support in confronting their assailants. A couple of men were asked to leave the March, and at least one left of his own accord to get treatment, but others stayed with the support of the March community. Often the Collective was seen as disruptive and "violent" because our meetings and housing were open to women only and because we actively confronted the sexism in the March in making connections between violence against women and violence against the Earth. Once we were told that having "too many butch looking dykes near the front of the camp" was bad publicity for the march.

The women of the Collective represented many different factions of the March from anarchists to those in the upper echelons of the March heirarchy. We ranged in age from 18 to 67, came from a variety of class backgrounds, had different sexual orientations. Most of us (and the vast majority of the Peace March) had white skin privilege.

Some Collective members were involved with Wild Wimmin for Peace, a performing group that sang at rallies, universities, women's bars, **(continued on p. 8)**

Photo Credit: Sylvia De Swaan, c. 1987

AT THE SENECA ARMY DEPOT

1.

I dip my hands
into ashes,rub
them in until
my skin turns gray,
not like this sky
hours before rain
but another sky when
I dream of holocausts.

Gray hands, hands who
shake with cerebral palsy,
mistaken for retardation,
epilepsy, MS, hands who
call to men on
the other side of
cyclone fences, hands who
love women strongly before
we cross those fences.

2.

Fences, weaving cyclone
fences with red, green
purple yarn, women weaving
our lives into
the chain-link boundries.

Shadows of the wire
diamond shape, falling
on your body, face
painted with grief,
long black lines against
clown white.

3.

I want to climb
that fence, follow
the airstrip down
to where the missles
lay stacked like firewood
surrounded by barb wire
and sit, place
my gray hands palm down
on the asphalt and wait
with my whole life.

But instead
I stand on
the other side
and watch those gray hands
shake the fence until
the locks rattle.

Elizabeth Clare

How to Get Involved at Seneca Peace Camp

There are several ways that you can get involved with or support the Peace Camp. Cash and material donations are always welcome; the current wish list includes: lumber; outdoor latex paint, preferably white; spray paint; electric typewriter; office supplies; ribbon and yarn for weaving the fence and a computer. All women are welcome to visit the Encampment for brief periods and are encouraged to bring their own creative ideas for projects or actions. Women can choose to make the commitment to live on the land for extended periods as well. Women are also welcome to attend regional meetings, where off-land women join the on-land women for decision making and planning. The next regional meeting in August 21. Letters to ask questions or show support are welcome at the Camp, which you can write to at: Seneca Women's Peace Encampment for Future of Peace and Justice, 5440 Route 96, Romulus NY, 14541.

You can also write to women at Greenham Common at this address: WOAD Gate, Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp, Burys Bank Rd., Newbury, Berkshire, England.•

Please support the following organizations, businesses, and individuals who helped to make this issue of **fww** possible. Thank you!

Cheryl Mattison, Counselor
for survivors of sexual assault and abuse
(313) 397-8456
Diane B. Drayson, A.C.S.W.
2301 Huron Parkway
Individual and couples therapy,
feminist approach.
Ph. 971-0040
Molly H. Reno, P.C.
Attorney at Law
769-0077
Real Estate Law
Personal Injury
WAND
Women's Action for Nuclear Disarmament
761-1718
Next Meeting: August 14, 7:30 P.M.
at St. Aidan's Church, 1679 Broadway
Judy Stone, M.S.W., C.S.W.
2312 Packard, Ann Arbor 996-0761
Ind. & grp. therapy. Wholisitic approach.
Compulsive eating, ACOA issues,
stress-related illness.
The Ark
633 South Main Street
761-1451
Gretchen Gardner, MSW, CSW, ACSW
Counseling Resources of Ann Arbor
665-8410
Individual, couples, family therapy
Holistic approach; women's issues
Rabbi Robert D. Levy
Temple Beth Eneth
2309 Packard Road
Ann Arbor, MI 48103
665-4744
Borders Book Shop
Over 70,000 titles in stock
303 South State Street
668-7652

WHAT'S GOING ON AT W.C.C.

Volunteer orientation sessions:
(for all volunteers, whether you're interested in committee work, adminstrative work, or peer counseling.)

Wednesday, Aug. 31, 4 p.m.
Thursday, Sept. 8, 6 p.m.
Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1 p.m.
Tuesday, Sept. 20, 6 p.m.
Monday, Sept. 26, 11 a.m.

WCC Bucket Drive

Help out the Center by swinging a bucket on Friday, September 30 or Saturday, October 1st. Call Tracy at 761-9475 to volunteer.

Fall Peer Counselor Training

Become a WCC Peer Counselor. Help keep the phone lines open.

Empathy Training Weekend

Thursday OR Friday, Sept. 29 or 30, 7-10 p.m.
Saturday, Oct. 1, 10-6 p.m.
Sunday, Oct. 2, 1-6 p.m.

Problem-Solving Training Weekend

Thursday OR Friday, Oct. 7 or 8, 7-10 p.m.
Saturday, October 8, 10-6 p.m.
Sunday, October 9, 1-6 p.m.

WCC Moving Sale

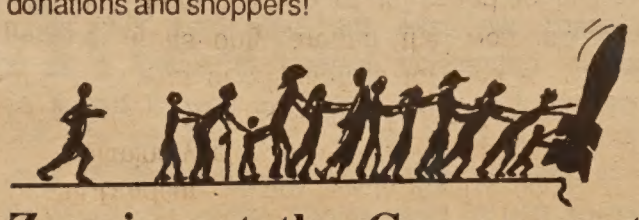
September 9 and 10 at St. Andrews Church, 306 N. Division, Lawrence St. entrance - We need donations and shoppers!

WCC Workshop
"Surviving a Life Partner"

Monday, September 19. A workshop for women who are working through grief and loss from the death of a lover or spouse. For more information and location, call 994-9100.

WCC NEEDS A NEW HOME!

The Women's Crisis Center has been located in St. Andrew's Church on N. Division in Ann Arbor for the last six of our sixteen years. With the expansion of the Church Sunday School program, St. Andrews can no longer extend this space to us. Reverend Harvey Guthrie is working with us to find another location, as he and the St. Andrews Church recognize the importance of our work in the community. But we need everyone's help if we are really going to find a place. Our needs for a new space are: that it be free or low rent, in a barrier free location and on a bus route. We need space for two phone counselors and two administrative staff to work comfortably with access to restrooms, and some privacy available for walk-in counseling. We also need access to meeting and training space. Our preference would be to find a house in a commercially zoned district, but we are also looking for space in churches and synagogues.•



Zapping at the Camps, continued from pg. 2

cataracts, cancers (particularly leukemia), altered brain chemistry, central nervous systems disorders, and genetic defects. (Becker, Bertell, Brodeur-- World Health Organization.)

Preliminary electronic testing has been done at Greenham by Dr. Rosalie Bertell, Kim Besley, and members of Electronics for Peace. Distinctly defined areas--only around the women's camps, and only from the top of the head to just below the waist--were found to have readings up to 100 percent higher than adjacent areas. (Electronics Today, Dec. 1985) We have not determined precisely what frequency(s) are present because the sophistication and expense of the equipment necessary to do more specific testing is prohibitive. Signals cease, of course, whenever military personnel become aware of test equipment in the area.

What we know:

* 1930 - Present: World-wide research shows EMR to cause wide range of biological, neurological, and behavioral effects. Many frequencies of EMR are known to be psychoactive (i.e. they can alter emotional state.) When combined with other types of transmissions, literal thoughts can be transmitted which the receiver perceives as her own.

* 1953: Discovery that the U.S. Embassy in Moscow was being irradiated by Soviet low level microwaves. This continued for 30 years. The U.S. government studied the health effect on the embassy employees for years without telling them they were being irradiated. By 1986, three ambassadors had died of cancer. (Jack Anderson news stories, film: "Opening Pandora's Box")

* The U.S. microwave safety standard (10,000 microwatt/cm^2) is the highest in the world. It is 100 to 1000 times higher than European and Soviet standards. Research has shown neurological effects at below 5 microwatts/cm^2 (the Soviet safety standard).

* 1972 - present: Military documents show testing and development of EMR weapons. The vast majority of research in EMR in the U.S. is conducted by the Departments of Defense and Energy. Only a minute amount of data is unclassified.

* Police and military have developed EMR and other frequency weapons for riot control, "counter terrorist"" and hostage situations.

* There are many existing and proposed military sources of powerful EMR transmissions throughout the world. The Soviet "Woodpecker" and U.S. "Pique" signals are among the most powerful in the world. Their true purposes are not known (to you and me), but they irradiate most the Earth's population with frequencies known to be psychoactive.

Once again the enforcement arm of the patriarchy, the military- industrial - political complex, has put life on earth in jeopardy. EMR technology and weapons are developed without regard to the biological and environmental consequences. Known consequences are ignored. Research information regarding health, genetic, and environmental effects are intentionally "classified for reasons of national security."

Even with the limited out-dated information available, it is frighteningly clear that our lives, all life, and the Earth's climatic conditions are threatened by EMR. Not only are we faced daily with the destruction of life in a cataclysmic fireball of nuclear war, but we are also facing the possibility of Earth becoming a wasteland as the result of the methodical, intentional, escalating, and avoidable uses of electromagnetic radiation.•